

The contention of the two famous Houses,

And sees hard by a butcher with an Axe,
But will suspect twas he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the Partridge in the puttockes nest,
But will imagine how the bird came there,
Although the Kyte fore with vnbloody beake?
Euen so suspicious is this Tragedy.

Qu. Are you the Kyte *Bensford*, where's his talents?
Is *Suffolke* the butcher, where's his knife?

Suffolke. I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men,
Yet here's a vengefull sword rusted with ease,
That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart,
That slanders me with murders Crimson badge,
Say if thou dare, proud Lord of Warwickshire,
That I am guilty in Duke *Humfries* death.

Exit Cardinal

War. What dares not *Warwicke*, if false *Suffolke* dare him?

Qu. He dares not calme his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though *Suffolke* dare him twenty hundred times.

War. Madam be still, with reuerence may I say it,
That euery word you speake in his defence,
Is slander to your royall Maiesty.

Suf. Blunt witted Lord, ignoble in thy words,
If euer Lady wrong'd her Lord so much;
Thy mother tooke vnto her blamefull bed,
Some sterne vntutor'd Churle, and Noble stocke
Was graft with Crab-tree slip, whose fruite thou art,
And neuer of the Neuels noble race.

War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,
And I should rob the deathsmans of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames;
And that my soueraignes presence makes mee mute,
I would false murtherous coward on thy knees,
Make thee traue pardon for thy passed speech,
And say it was thy mother that thou meantst:
That thou thy selfe was borne in bastardy,
And after all this fearefull homage done,

of Yorke and Lancast

Giue thee thy hire, and send thee downe
Pernitious blood-sucker of sleeping men

Suf. Thou shouldst be waking whilst
If from this presence thou dare go with

War. Away euen now, or I will drag
Warwicke puls him out.

Exit Warwicke and Suffolke, and then all th
downe with Suffolke, downe with Suffolke
the Duke of Suffolke and Warwicke, with
King. Why how now Lords?

Suf. The traiterous *Warwicke*, with t
Set all vpon me mightie Soueraigne.

The Commons againe cries, downe with
Suffolke. And then enter from t
of Salisburie.

Salisb. My Lord, the Commons send
That vnlesse false *Suffolke* here be done
Or banished faire Englands Territories,
That they will erre from your highnesse
They say by him the good Duke *Humfr*
They say by him they feare the ruine of t
And therefore if you loue your subiects
They wish you to banish him from forth

Suf. Indeed tis like the Commons, ru
Would send such message to their Sou
But you my Lord were glad to be impl
To try how quaint an Orator you were:
But all the honour *Salisbury* hath got;
Is, that he was the Lord Embassador,
Sent from a sort of Tinkers to the King.

an answere from the K

King. Good *Salisbury* go hacke againe
Tell them we thanke them all for their k
And had I not bene cited thus by their m
My selfe had done it. Therefore heere I
If *Suffolke* be found to breathe in any ph
Where I haue rule, but three dayes mo

Giue